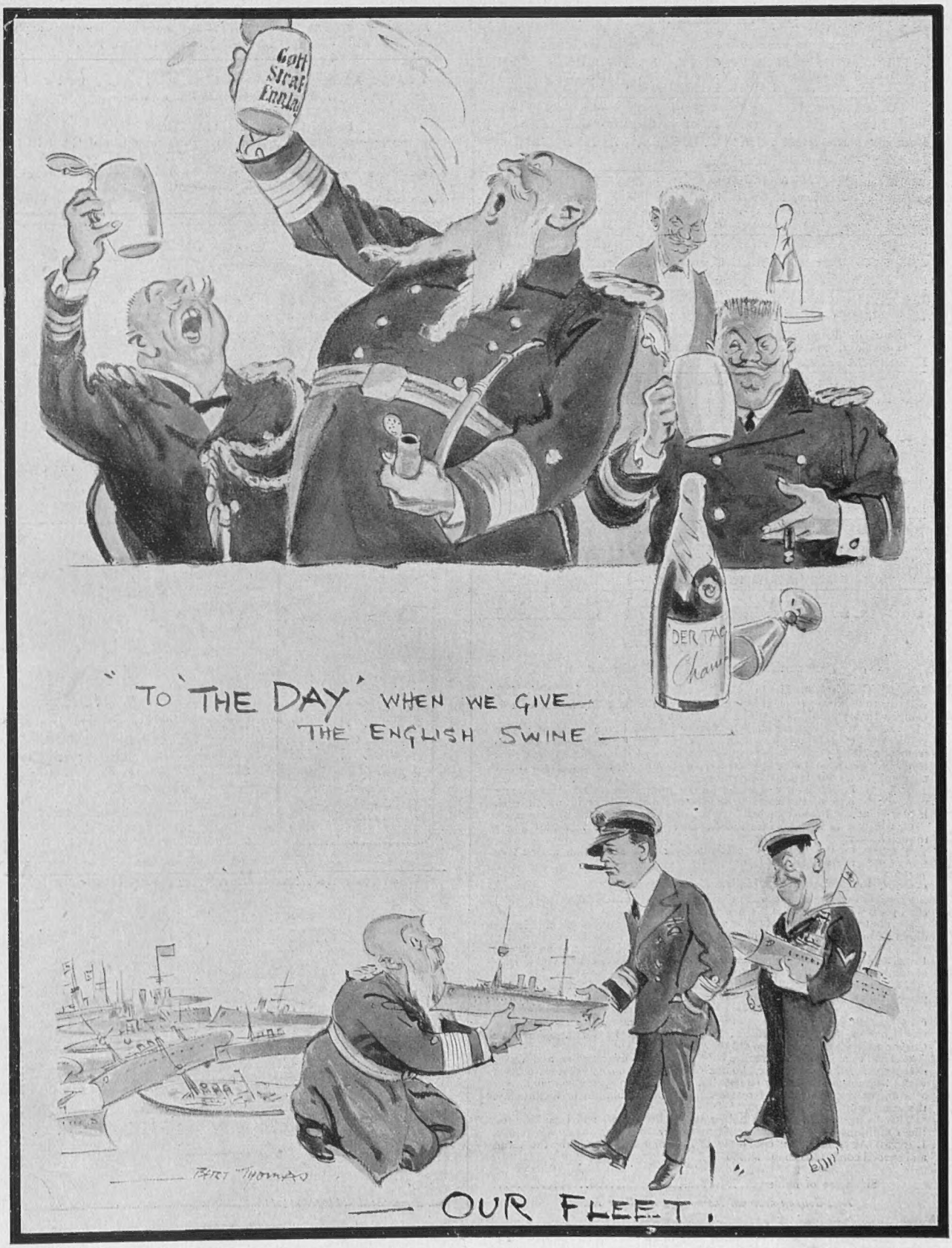
The Bystander, November 27, 1918. No. 782. Vol. LX.

The BYSTANDER



"TOASTED!"

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Freedom of the Seas

THE naval history of the world affords no parallel to the astounding job transacted last week in the North Sea. The mighty German Fleet, that was to wrest the trident from Britannia's hand, has, at the word of Admiral Beatty, hauled down its colours and retired from business. Seventy ships of war, sufficient to have put up a fight against any odds—even the losing fight, from which the true sailor never shrinks—have crawled into the Firth of Forth in sullen impotence and must not fly their flag again without British leave. And more than that number of submarines—the vessels that the Germans have made the ghouls of the sea—are either at Parkeston Quay or on the way thither, under the dominion of the White Ensign. Germany has called for the Freedom of the Seas and she has been answered. By the surrender of her ships of war the seas are now free.

"Herr von Hohenzollern"

THERE seems to be too much haste in assuming that the German Emperor has become a private citizen for a permanency. Lord Robert Cecil, with a sagacity that is rare in our Foreign Office, already scents a plot in the whole business; and he may well be right. The Emperor's tame Socialists in Berlin seem in no hurry to denounce or depose him, and there is no evidence at all of formal abdication. On the contrary, there has been thrown out a clear hint that if the Emperor should decide to rejoin his family at Potsdam, it is not for a mere Emergency Government to put obstacles in the way of so exalted a personage's desires.

Looking for Trouble

IT is not easy to see what Germany could do at the moment to our disadvantage, even if she should decide to receive her prodigal Emperor again to her ample bosom. With her own army beyond the Rhine and our army of occupation on the western banks, it would be, to say the least of it, very careless of the German High Command to try to start another war. On the other hand, there are signs that the present German "Government" attaches none too great an importance to her signature to the armistice terms. Germany seems to have all the vices of the parvenu, who is arrogant in fortune and whining in adversity. If, therefore, William of Hohenzollern and his unconscionable heir, with the exceptional telegraphic and telephonic facilities with which they are credited, are looking for trouble, the Allies ought to supply the goods.

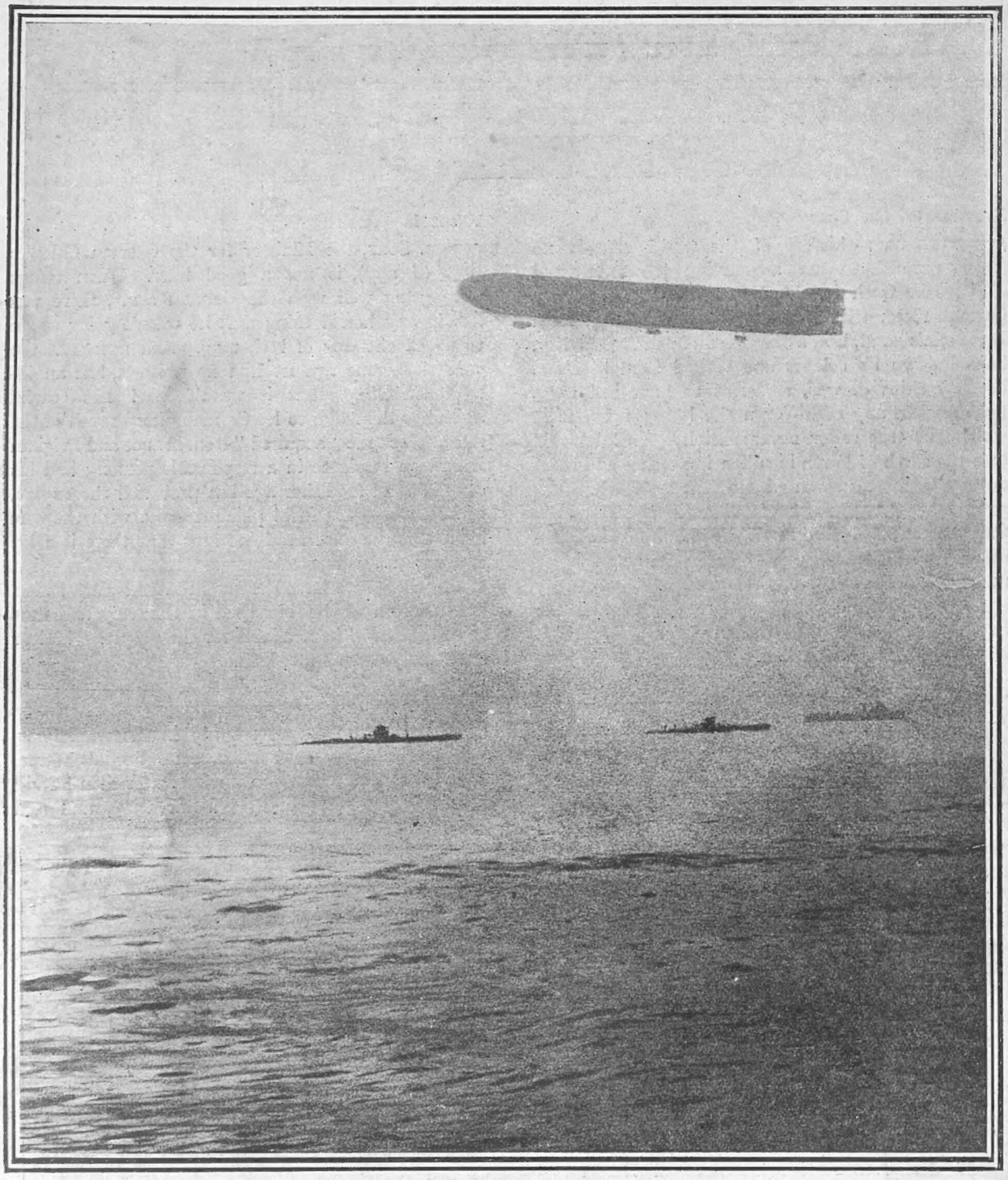
What is Truth?

DR. SOLF, the Minister for the German Colonies (if any), is not a good loser. When things were going well with the German arms, there was hardly any horrid thing that he wasn't going to do to us on the day of reckoning. And now that the game has gone against him he protests, like an ill-bred schoolboy, that it wasn't fair! His tearful appeal to the Allies to let Germany keep much of the rolling stock she "acquired" from France and Belgium is strange insolence in a responsible person; and his complaint of food shortage has provoked the expert, Mr. Hoover—that ideal philanthropist with the soft heart and the hard head—to hint that there is a lot of lying going on somewhere. And in confirmation of this charge we have the news that the meat ration is henceforth to be increased in Germany and that more bread will be available for the people. Kultur is certainly down on its luck.

That Hunger March

THERE is no deeper tragedy in the whole war, and nothing that holds such bestial horror. To be flung out foodless, clotheless, after months and months of anguish and semi-starvation, and told

THE FOUNDATION-STONE—WELL AND TRULY LAID



DAWN, NOVEMBER 20, 1918

Our picture illustrates the triumph of justice. A British "Zeppelin" floats at sunrise where the German Zeppelins came on their dastardly mission of bombing defenceless towns and killing women and children. The submarines, that carried on a criminal and barbarous warfare on the seas, are being brought captive into a British port by the only guardians of the freedom of the seas—the British Fleet

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

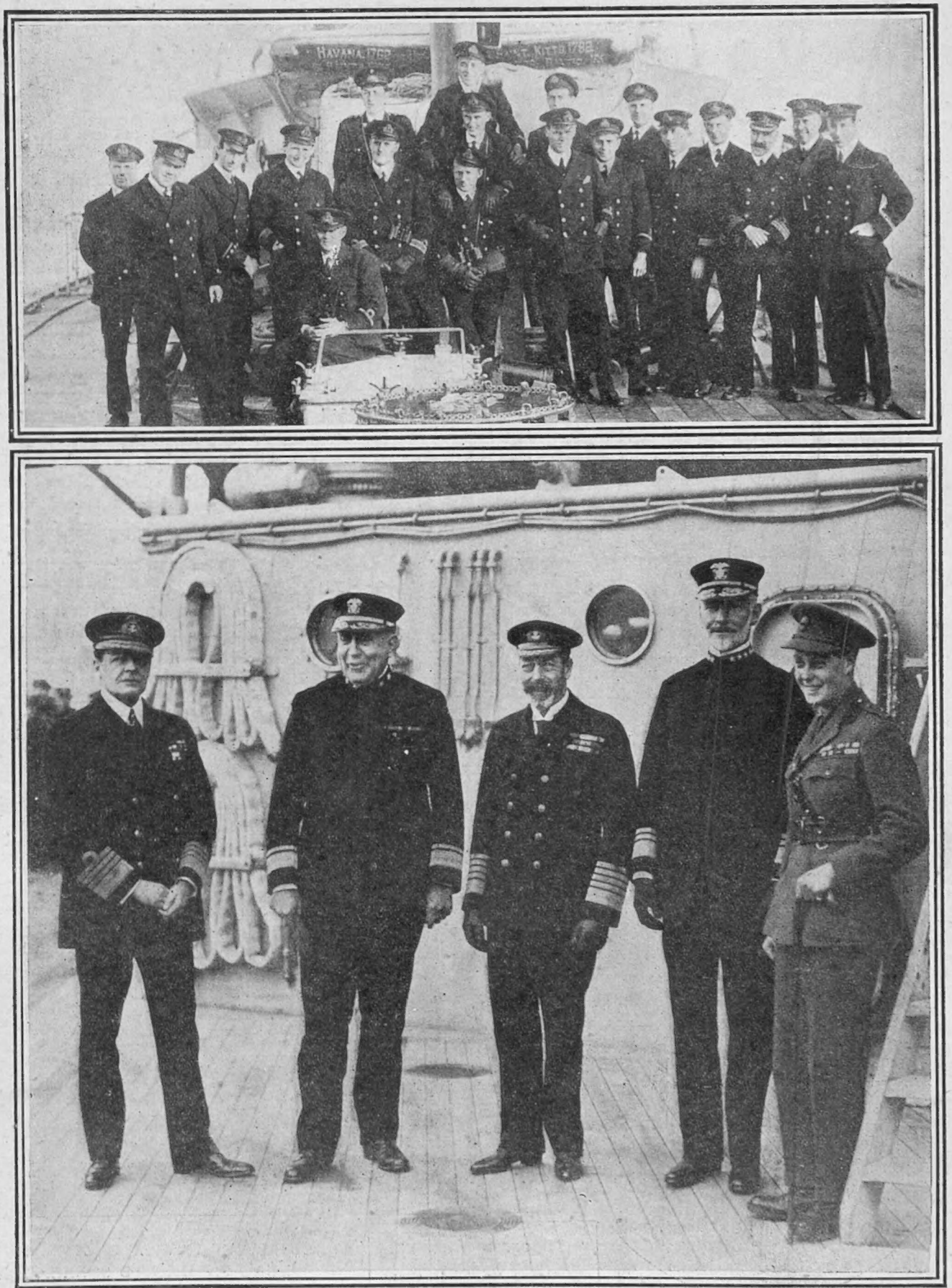
that *there* is freedom if only the faltering men can drag aching limbs so far—Germany surely has out-Germaned herself in this. Well, is there to be no punishment? She starves our prisoners and not a German voice is raised in protest. Are these the scum that we are to feed? Is it really in the interests of humanity or decency that they should still live at all? This is a matter where action, prompt, resolute and stern, is demanded. Perhaps with the election upon them we shall not ask in vain.

The First Labour Trouble

We have nerved ourselves for all sorts of after-the-war happenings, and when a few thousands of young women processed from Woolwich to Westminster to peg out their claim for special treatment the first chapter in industrial events opened elegantly, We are gratified to read that the leaders were entertained at tea by the officials, and subsequently packed off in luxurious motor-cars to rejoin their rank and file. There may be much to be said for this sort of

(*Continued on page 364*)

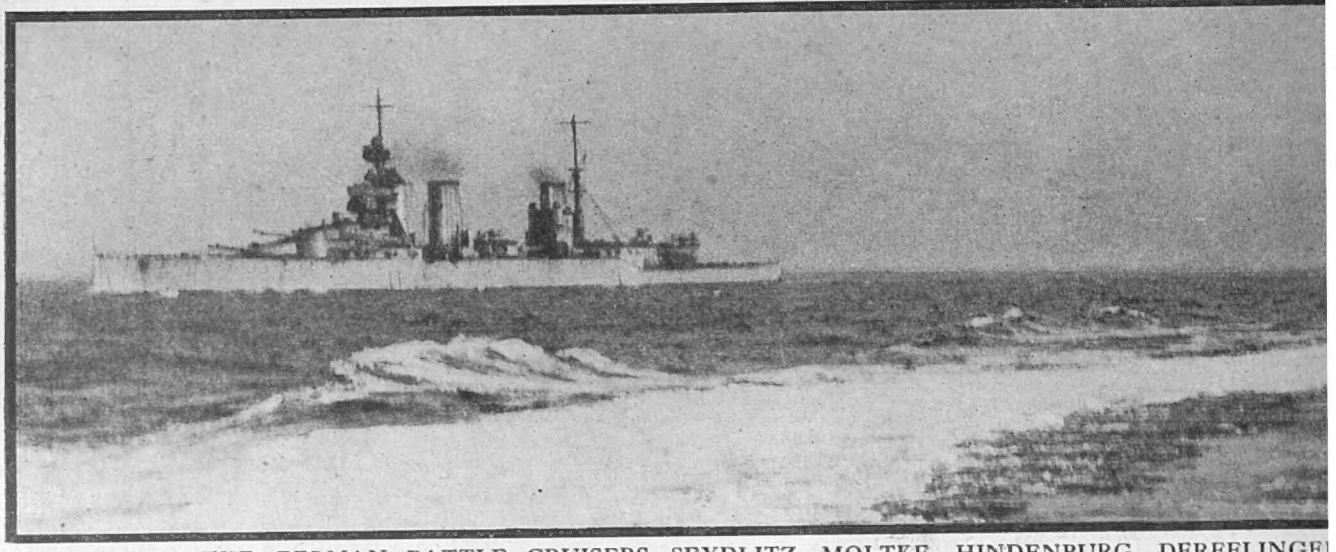
Masters of the Sea



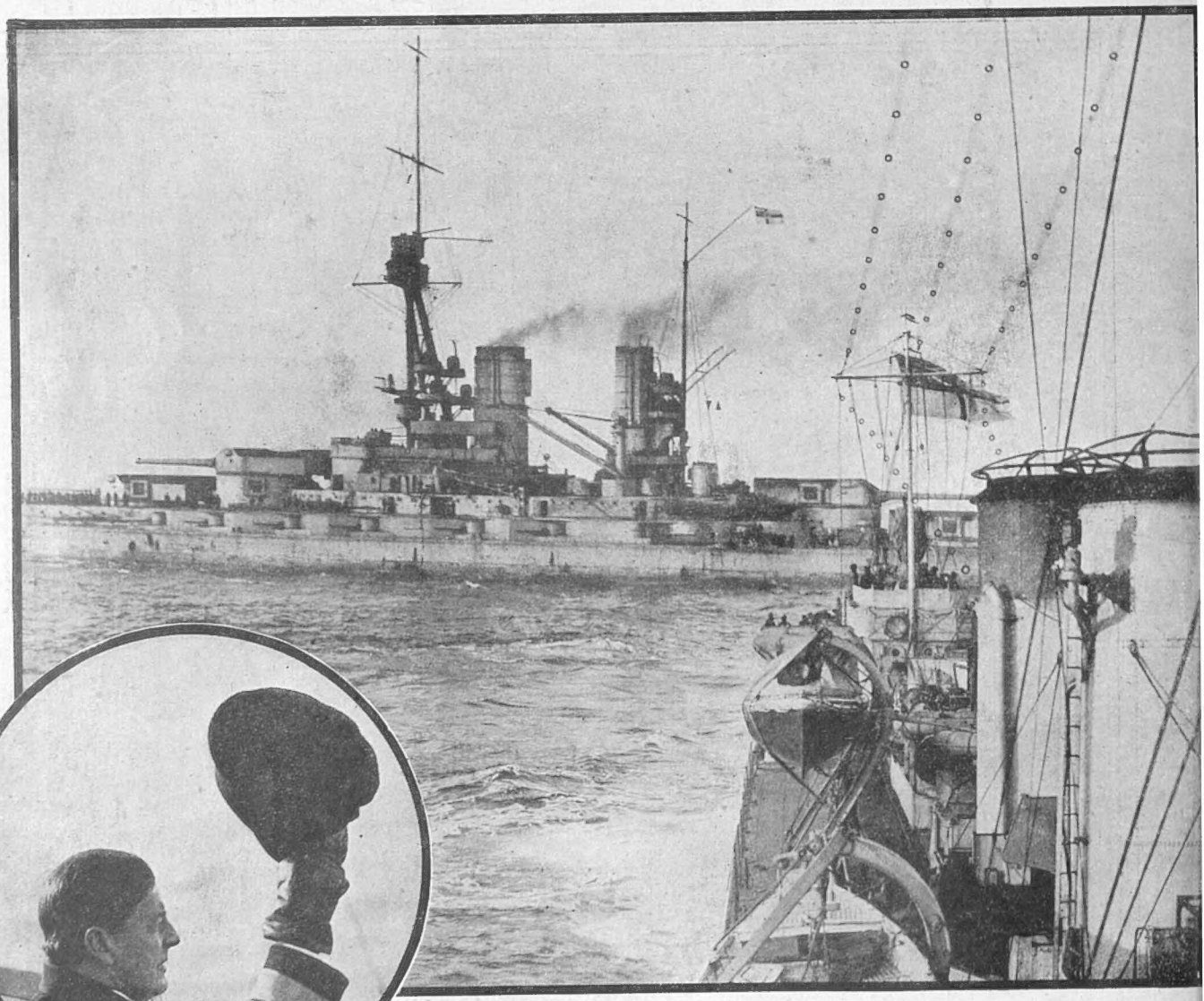
ADMIRAL BEATTY ADMIRAL RODMAN THE KING ADMIRAL SIMS THE PRINCE OF WALES

In the upper picture are shown the Staff of Admiral Tyrwhitt's Flagship. The lower illustration pictures the King and the Prince with British and American Admirals on Admiral Beatty's Flagship, "Queen Elizabeth"

"I Always Told You They



THE GERMAN BATTLE CRUISERS—SEYDLITZ, MOLTKE, HINDENBURG, DERFFLINGE

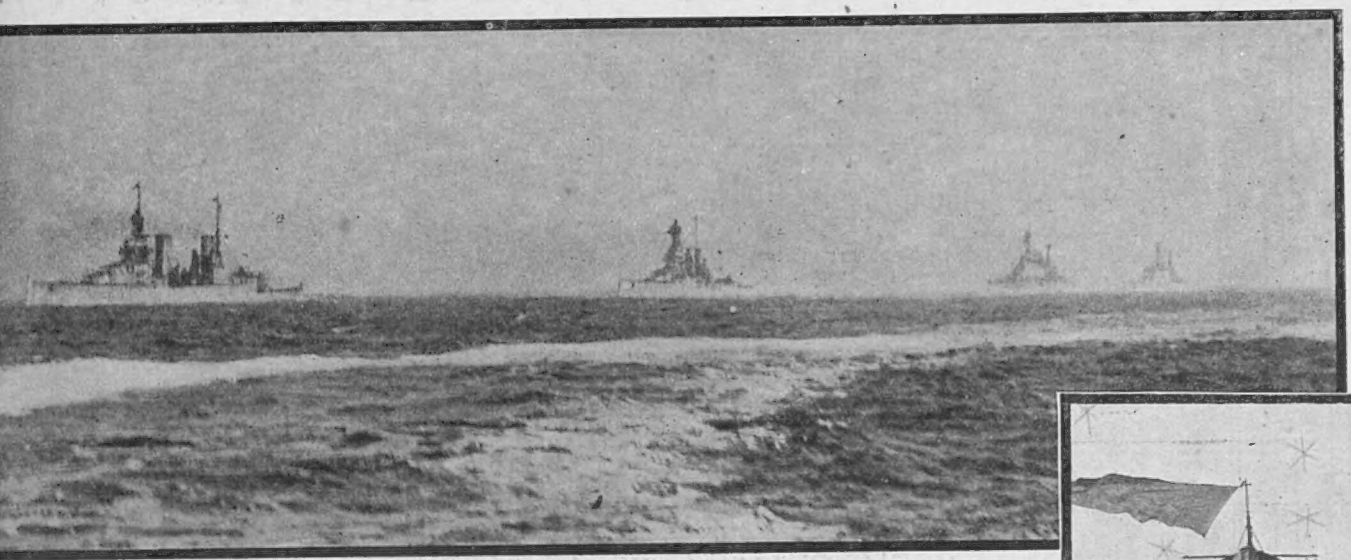


Photographs
THE GERMAN BATTLE CRUISER HINDEN-BURG PASSING TO SURRENDER

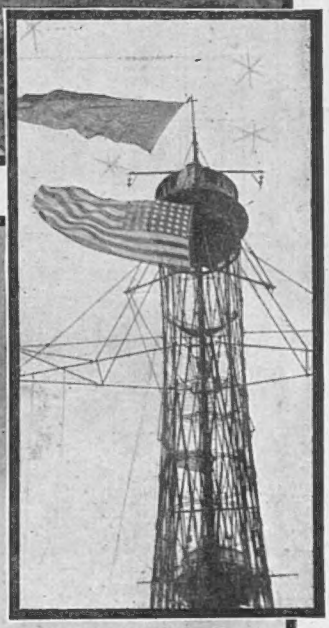
Photograph Humphrey Joel
"HATS OFF TO THE NAVY"
Sir David Beatty acknowledging the cheers from the bridge of the Queen Elizabeth

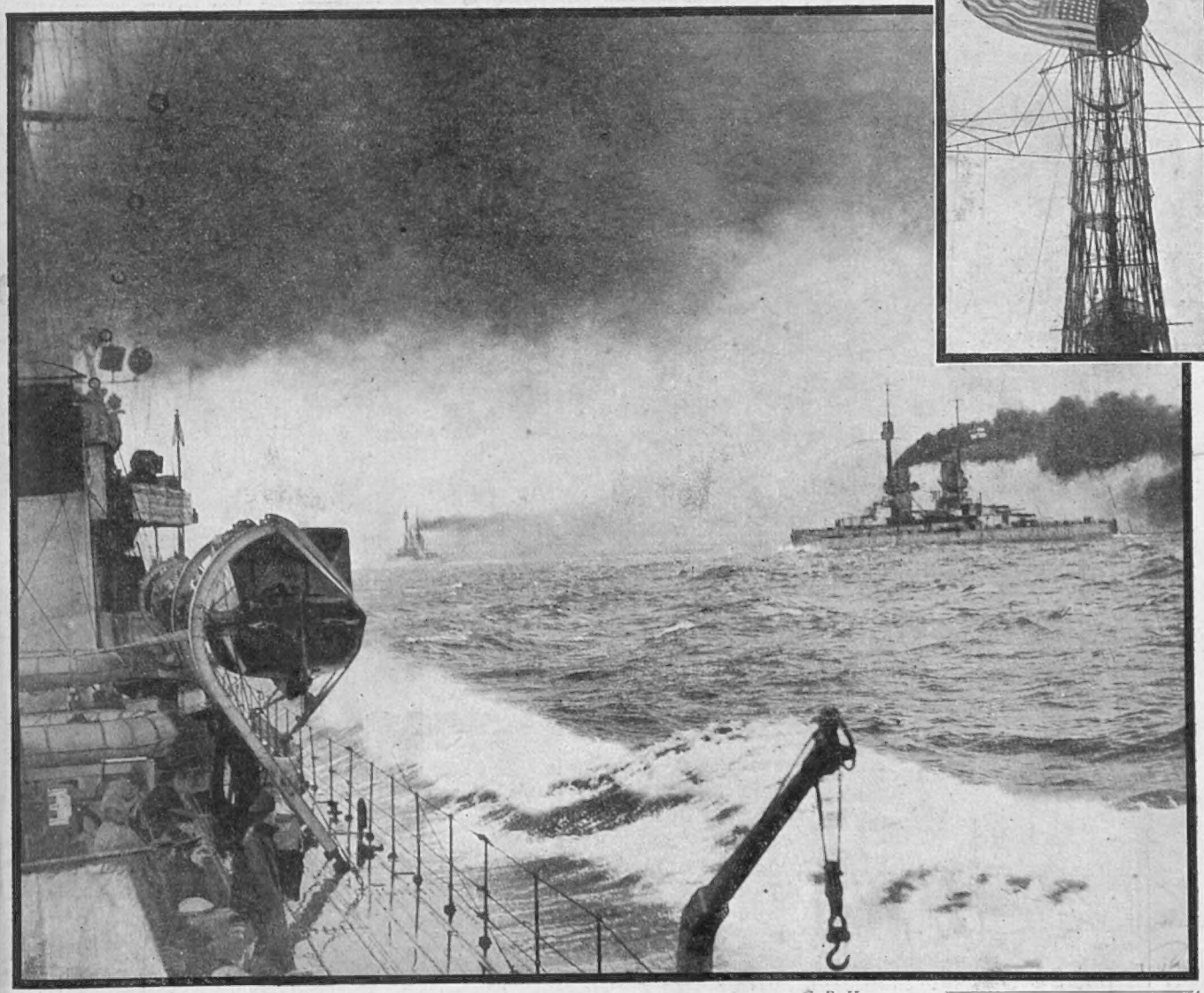
Many have been the rumours and threats of the coming out of the "invincible" German Navy. The Kaiser's Fleet but evil. So end the Kaiser's (s)trident boas

Would Have to Come Out"—Admiral Beatty



AND VON DER TANN—SURRENDERING TO THE BRITISH FLEET





G. P. U.

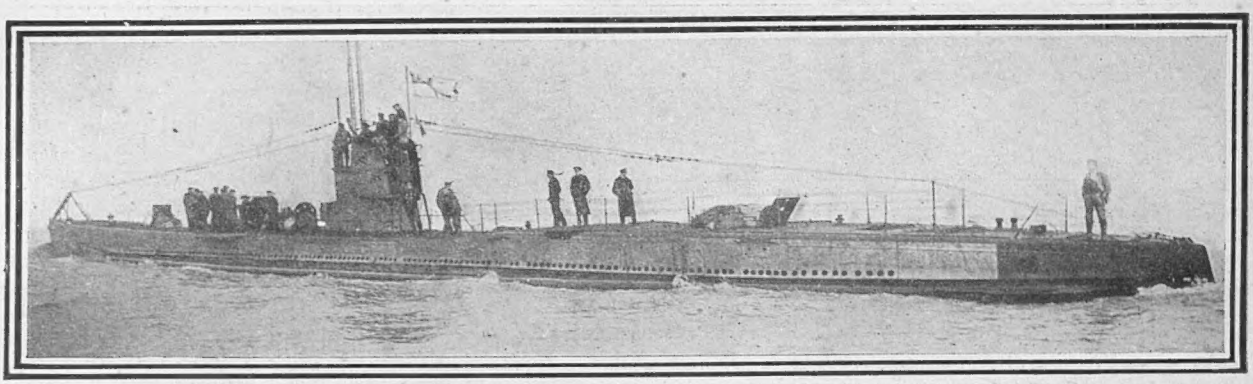
THE DREADNOUGHTS FREDERICH DER GROSSE AND KONIG ALBERT FLYING THE GERMAN FLAG FOR THE LAST TIME

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HISTORY

The Royal Standard and Stars and Stripes fly together on a U.S.A. ship

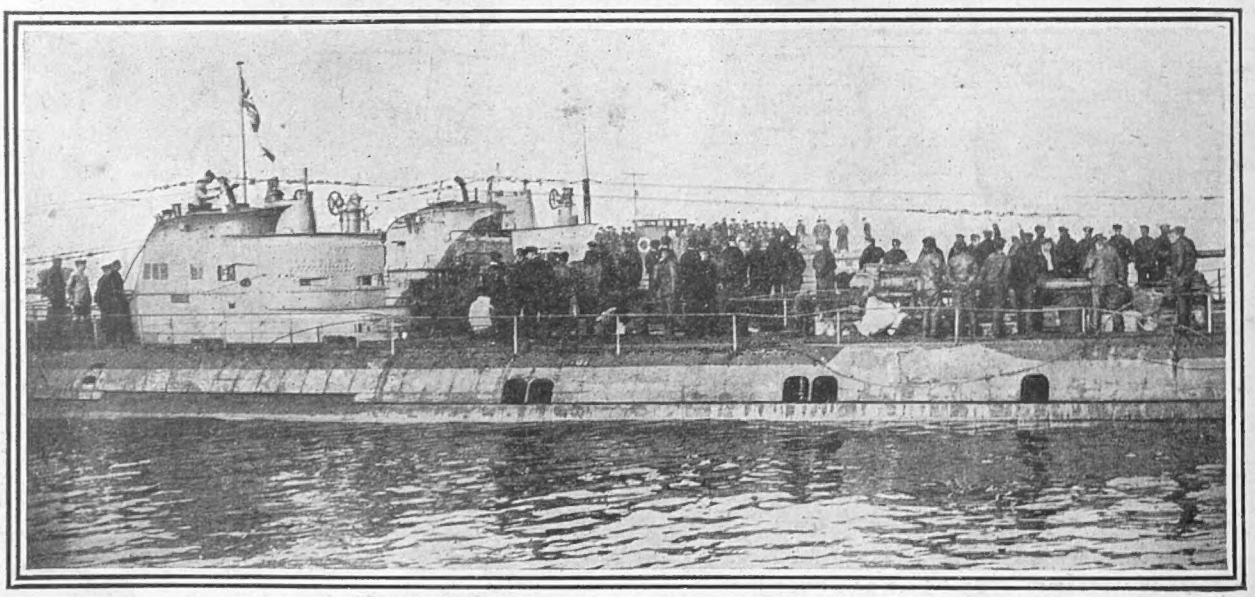
out at last, and "out" for good—the first time during the war that any German warships have been out for anything and Germany becomes a sixth-rate naval power

Admiral Tyrwhitt's



One of the surrendered U-Boats with the crew on board and the British Flag flying

German U-Boat Commander making a signed declaration that he surrenders his vessel in perfect condition to the British Officer taking it over



A near view of surrendered U-Boats, showing details and some of the crew on deck

SURRENDER OF THE U-BOATS

Flagship Day

Three of the U-boats with their crews are shown in the upper illustration. In the lower picture, Admiral Tyrwhitt, to whom the U-boats were surrendered, is seen on board his flagship, the "Curacao"

HARWICH, NOVEMBER 20

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

thing, but will it not make labour troubles too jolly and popular? Our colliers, for instance, when next they come to Downing Street, will want a bottle, or perhaps a barrel, while we who are orderly and content find a difficulty in getting ——!

The Election

Poor Mr. Asquith is very much in the cold. His party is almost a family one, and although he still holds the Liberal war chest, he fails to attract their henchmen. His deep annoyance is manifest in his studied refusal even to mention Mr. Lloyd George. Meantime, the Premier has put in some pretty wire-pulling. He has Mr. Bonar Law's merry men—they are not merry really; they hate the business—and a host of new people of his own. The Coalition will win, of course, but I doubt if their lease of life will be a long one. There is likely to be infant mortality amongst Governments for several years to come.

Tommies Indifferent

Tommy overseas does not take the business seriously. I think he would prefer a cock-fight. He certainly does not believe in elections from a distance. I am warned that the soldiers' vote will be light, but when the men come home they will ask for a fresh contest. Also they feel sure they will get one. There are all kinds of difficulties which will require their personal attention, and they have no intention of being left out in the cold.

Dropping the Pilots

The decision of the Labour Party to sever its connection with the Government will apparently involve the resignation of several Labour Ministers, whose work is at the moment of incalculable value to the nation. But the rank and file of the Labour Party do not like to see one of their number enjoying the opulence of a Ministerial salary; and small jealousies are largely at the root of this over-hasty decision. Mr. John Burns was once credited with the statement that no man is worth more than five hundred a year; and he will be the best judge as to whether he is now being over-paid or not. As to what use the Labour Party will make of their freedom of action, they give no hint. The more fiery spirits talk of "revolution" and the joys of street-fighting, and—the Brotherhood of Man! But the brotherhood they seem to have most in mind is that of Cain and Abel.

"Blank Nonsense!"

The suddenness with which electioneering has come upon us is, doubtless, responsible for the rough-and-ready language of the overture. Mr. Lloyd George's historical remark that "men who talk of blank cheques are talking blank nonsense" is at least vividly truthful, and Parliamentarians were not ever thus. Mr. Bernard Shaw's reply of "Nothing doing!" is equally expressive if less surprising. For Mr. Shaw was always the apostle of the negative.

"MY OLD DUTCH"

EX-KAISER (*singing*): "We've been together now for nearly 40 years,
And it don't seem a day too much!
And there ain't a people in the whole wide world
That we'd swap for the dear old 'Dutch'!"
—(*With apologies to Chevalier*)

The Shaving of Von Tirpitz

The startling news has just come to hand that the ineffable Von Tirpitz has shaved his wonderful whiskers. One's first idea is that he must have grown them in the first place in satisfaction of a lost bet, and honour now being satisfied with the lapse of the time specified, he is at liberty to take back his human shape again. The British Navy has played Delilah to Germany's very hirsute Samson with a vengeance. In the days of Drake, the boast used to be that our naval commanders had singed the King of Spain's beard; in the days of Beatty it is Von Tirpitz's whiskers that have gone by the board. Other times, same manners. Von Tirpitz will now presumably shave his head also, and make diligent inquiries as to the war price of sackcloth and ashes.

A CONTRIBUTOR'S PICTORIAL COMMENT ON OUR "ANNUAL"

Necessary Precaution

THE FARMER *(to Tommy, in charge of prisoners returning from "work")*: "Keep your lot away from mine; don't 'e mix 'em"

The Gallant Forty-Five

by REGINALD ARKELL

Illustrated by WILTON WILLIAMS

IV.

The noblest work conceived by God
Can scarcely be the Awkward Squad.

SOLDIERING resembles golf in this respect—the harder you try, the worse you become.

I tried so hard and became so bad that I found myself in the Awkward Squad at last.

I could not quarrel with this decision. I was not so sorry for myself as for those physical and mental deficients among whom I now found myself. For, as I learned to my surprise, even this hopeless flotsam and jetsam boasted a nice balance in which newcomers were weighed and found wanting.

We were drilled by a sergeant whose temper was frayed at the edges. He put into his work all the enthusiasm of a man who is heartily sick of his job. He regarded us with the love of a step-mother for some other woman's idiot child.

I have since met good soldiers who do not believe in the Awkward Squad. The picture of a dozen or so lame dogs, striving, unaided, to cross an impossible stile does not, they say, amuse them.

Let me admit, in fairness, that we were never paraded in public unnecessarily. Any cover was good enough to hide us. I have formed fours behind an incinerator, as I have ordered arms in the friendly shadows of the latrines; and when the General was about you simply couldn't see us for dust.

One morning, when the instructor was more fed up with us than usual, he called me to the front of the squad.

"Here's a man," said he, "who is probably earning more money than he ever did, or ever will again."

"Too true," said I.

"He admits it," was the delighted comment, "and I don't suppose he's ever done an honest day's work in his life."

"I have not," said I.

A MAN is tactful just so far as he is able to hand out the truth in judicious quantities and at the right moment. The wretched fellow who lacks the necessary imagination to tell a timely tarradiddle will spend his days eating worms in the back garden.

When I told the sergeant that I had never done an honest day's work in my life, I was telling the literal truth. The view he took was that I had been indulging in the gentle art of leg-pulling, and he accordingly went pink round the ears. He would have ruffled his tail feathers if he had had any.

"You for orderly room to-morrow, me lad," he remarked in a voice thick with emotion.

A thrill of excitement ran through the Awkward Squad. Harold was to be crimed. Harold was on the peg for something or other—nobody quite knew what. Harold had about as much idea as the rest, but we were soon enlightened.

"You for orderly room to-morrow, me lad"

"Insolence to an N.C.O. That's what you've been and done, me lad. And may the Lord 'ave mercy on your soul, because the capting 'e never won't."

After which outburst, our sergeant subsided into his usual morbid calm.

I don't blame him. Few members of the Awkward Squad have the spirit to break bounds or wear their puttees the wrong way round. If attention to such details will really win the war, as some brigadiers imagine, the Awkward Squad would have been in Berlin long ago. A clean conduct sheet constitutes a life membership of the Awkward Squad.

It is an axiom in the Army that the greater the number of crimes against the members of a battalion, the better the discipline of that battalion. "Human nature being what it is," argues the Army Council, "crime *must* exist in the ranks, and clean conduct sheets are no evidence to the contrary. Rather are they evidence of weakness on the part of the company

"THE GALLANT FORTY-FIVER" (*continued*)

commander, just as no complaints by the orderly officer lay that tireless person open to the gravest possible suspicion.

Now and again the company conduct sheets are taken from their dusty corner, and are examined through a powerful reading glass by an inspector of the old school; and on those papers where no crimes are found a great salt tear falls.

Can it be wondered that my sergeant was happy to glean a pukka crime from such unpromising ground as the Awkward Squad, where discipline is so bad that no crimes exist?

. . . . . .

If, knowing all, and knowing that you know it,
You treat the Colonel to a kindly nod . . .

A COMPANY commander is a sort of military Pooh Bah—Lord High Everybody—housekeeper, schoolmaster, and nursemaid, rolled into one. He cuts our toe-nails, washes our necks, sends our underclothing to the laundry, buys us cricket bats, and pays us at four o'clock every Friday. When our braces are hanging by a thread he indents for new. He wrestles with the pay and mess book and he takes us to church on Sunday. He sends the lucky ones on leave and the unlucky ones to the guard-room.

Which brings us to the root of the whole matter.

. . . . . .

It was the hour when the company commander dispensed rough and ready justice of the military pattern.

Guarded by my escort, I was marched into the Presence. I was halted.

My cap was taken from me for fear it might find its way into the eye of the presiding magistrate. Such things *have* happened.

At a table sat the judge, the jury, counsel for the prosecution, counsel for the defence, the judge's clerk and all those highly-paid officials who comprise a modern court of justice.

Quite a crowd, you imagine; but you are wrong.

Merely Major Pooh Bah—Lord High Everything—who had found time between an audit and a clothing board to mould my destiny anew.

. . . . . .

He had already decided what course to take. The charge sheet, which lay before him, bore damning testimony to my guilt. "Insolence to an N.C.O.!" There had been too much of this sort of thing lately. Time to make an example of somebody.

But he reckoned without Higgins.

I have never had the good fortune to be present when a new planet has peeped down the fat end of an amateur astronomer's telescope, but I did see the look my company commander cast upon my buttons, which, thanks to Higgins, flamed like buttercups in June.

Shading his eyes with a Manual of Military Law, he delivered judgment. The case would be dismissed. Obviously there had been a misunderstanding, for no man who took such pride in his personal appearance could be guilty of an offence against the disciplinary code. Furthermore, he would remove me from the Awkward Squad to a sphere in which my peculiar abilities would have fuller play. A new officer would be arriving on the morrow. He would need a batman to clean his buttons and his boots. Obviously I was the very man for the job. I might consider myself engaged.

Batman! Boots! Buttons! I could have killed Higgins.

My company commander mistook the obvious emotion under which I was labouring for gratitude.

"Don't thank me," he said kindly. "We like to fit the round pegs in the round holes when we can."

"Meaning," said Higgins, "that I do all the dirty work"

"CONVENTION," said I to Higgins, "is the refuge of mediocrity. We will have none of it.

"The perfect batman, Higgins, is of a personality so complex that it should take two men to do his job. Convention has ordained otherwise, but what of that? To hell with convention.

"You, Higgins, will perform, beneath my watchful eye, those simple duties which comprise the elementary groundwork of the batman's calling. Boots, buttons, badges—trifles such as these shall be your especial care. I, on the other hand, will busy myself with those multifarious details that call for attention."

"Meaning," said Higgins, "that I do all the dirty work."

That was the only complaint I ever had to make about Higgins. He had such a crude way of putting things.

"Not at all, Higgins," I replied, with just the slightest trace of annoyance. "A contract such as that into which we have just entered can deal only with concrete facts. We are aware that certain trifling duties will fall to our lot, but who can tell what surprises may not be sprung upon us? It would be unfair to saddle you with unknown responsibilities for a paltry two-and-sixpence a week. Upon me, as principal in the concern, must descend the onus of the unknown. Under the present arrangement, your duties are clear and your remuneration is certain. Furthermore, Higgins, here is half-a-crown on account."

Higgins spat reflectively on the coin. "You're a one, you are, Harold," he said.

"An unconscious endorsement," said I, "of an age-old truth: capital and labour must walk hand in hand."

"Queer street capital would be in just now if they didn't," said Higgins.

Capital held out its hand for the return of that half-crown, but—"Let's go and see what the blighter looks like," said labour.

(To be continued next week)

Soon?

PASSED BY CENSOR

THE BUTTERFLY SHEDS HER CHRYSALIS!

A Menace to Reconstruction

PASSED BY CENSOR

PRECARIOUS

"'Ere, git off—'op it. You're shaking the whole building"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"Le Jour de l'Armistice"

BY THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS

MES AMIS—

IT will be already when you read my letter a little time that the war is ended, but even then it will be of our day you wish to hear. How can I tell it? We are *fou*, everybody just a little, and oh! so *fatigués* of our emotions, but it is not yet possible to go to bed, because out in our avenue the crowd still make so great a noise. So I will write to you.

FOR the whole week we have been so excited because the *parlementaires* have come to ask for peace, but everybody was quite still. It was only one thing that all Paris has gone together, to buy flags. "One does not know if it will be peace," we have said, "but one must not miss to be ready."

EVERYWHERE in the streets were the children and the *pères de famille*, who carried their flags all rolled up. In the Metro it was sometimes that a ten people would have their bundles, and one would see them pointing out of the windows of the cabs. But how well we have guarded that they should still be rolled up. It was not yet the day.

"Children have passed with their flags"

LUCILE and I have bought a great tricolour and a Union Jack for the windows of our *salon* and little flags of all the Allies for our other windows, and we have put them in a corner to be ready for the moment.

WE were the first in all our avenue. At ten o'clock—how long ago it seems, though only it was to-day—the telephone has rung. "That will be Aunt Berthe," Lucile has said, and I have listened. But it was not our aunt—it was our cousin Edouard who is at the Ministry of War "Allo, Allo!" he has said. "It is you, cousin Agnès." "*Si, si*," I said, "*c'est moi*. What is there of news?" Then he has asked us to take dinner with him *chez* Prunier.

"WE will have a *fête*," he said. "But why?" I asked. "Oh," he has said, with his so lazy voice, "have I not said? It is because the war is finished—*l'armistice a été signé—c'est la victoire*."

"LE JOUR DE L'ARMISTICE" (*concluded*)

Mes amis, it is up to then that I remember quite well what has happened, but *après—non*, it is a little a *mélange*. I think we have cried a little, Lucile and I, because we were alone, and then we have hung out our flags. At once all our neighbours were come to ask: "What is your news?" And Léonie, who has sometimes the great ideas, has brought the champagne without to be asked.

When we have drunk, *tout d'un coup* the *canons* have fired, the bells of all the churches have rung, and the sirens of which we have said so many bad things when they have wakened us to go to the cave the nights of the Gothas, have made their last great scream. Never was there all at once so much noise, and above it all we have heard so plain the great Savoyard at Montmartre, which has rung for the first time since the war.

At once all the world was in the street. Even the *bonnes* and the housewives have forgotten their *déjeuner*, which they were cooking. Our Léonie has run to the lodge of the *concierge* with a pan and a spoon in her hand, and when the children have passed with their flags she has beat her pan with her spoon, so that we have thought she was quite *enragée*.

One could not at all keep still. I have not now a good memory that we have eaten our *déjeuner*. Everyone was busy at first to hang out their flags. One, two, ten, twenty, all the windows were *pavoisées* till the whole of our avenue was gay like a garden of flowers.

And you know, my friends, I was jealous for your England. I have counted to see how many of the Union Jacks were in our Avenue and it was so good to see that of our Allies you had the most honour. France does not forget that it is England and Scotland and your little Wales which most have helped.

We have gone at once to see the processions of the schools which have begun everywhere, and every minute how the crowd has become bigger and bigger. One has never believed that in our Paris were so many people, and never was such emotion. I have envied the midinettes who have danced with their friends along the boulevards. It is not very easy the days such as this to be *convenable*.

When the *Chambre* has met in the afternoon everyone has gone to cheer our Clemenceau, and the boys of the Lycées have made processions through the crowds, shouting as they have marched: "Clem-en-ceau! Clem-en-ceau." The guns which have defended us so well have made their last barrage.

But is was when the evening came that was our wonderful time. Everywhere were the lights—our *Ville lumière* was begun again to live and everywhere was a crowd as never before. M. le Préfet was very quick to be wise, and has ordered that the cafés and restaurants should be open till eleven o'clock.

But, *mes amis*, it is of that that I must, to describe it right as it is in my memory, make a picture futurist—of a *monôme* of boys with flags, of a great street of Chinese lanterns, of the face of the waiter of Prunier, of the black crowd which was all striped with the tricolour, of the eyes of a girl who laughed when a *poilu* has kissed her, of a ring who danced round Edouard and me, of the Americans who have so wild noises, and of the English soldiers and our old *poilus*, who have fought since the long ago of the Marne, who stood on the edge of the crowd and watched and smiled.

So strange a sight it was, but now it begins to be quiet, for it is one o'clock, and Lucile says that I must go to bed. Someone plays still the Marseillaise with a concertina in the Avenue, and a girl is singing. Still, I think we do not yet quite understand, and we must say always to ourselves to believe: "It is peace. We have won, we have won, we have won!"

Your friend,

AGNÈS

"Allo! . . . Allo!" . . .

New Setting to an Old Tune

THE BLACK "WATCH ON THE RHINE"

William the

PASSED BY CENSOR

"Where did ye get that,

Conqueror II.

Bill?" "I 'ad it off a King"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

THE OFFICERS' MESS

AT THE ST MARTIN'S

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by LEWIS BAUMER

THIS is quite a lively comedy set to music. It tells of the adventures of three British officers who, like most of their kind, are, with a very proper thoroughness, apt to run a little wild during the brief spells of their leave. It may be that now that the war is over some of these pranks will be held to be inexcusable; but, of course, we could hardly prolong hostilities for the mere purpose of keeping a musical comedy up-to-date. The leading spirit of the riotous fun is Mr. Ralph Lynn, who is ably assisted by Miss Peggy Kurton and a lot of really nice ladies of the chorus; and the audience is kept in a very good humour all the time.

THE idea of the plot seems to me to be quite new. Tony (Mr. Lynn), having secured a few days' leave, with Budge and Dickie, has permission to occupy his aunt's flat in Jermyn Street for the all-too-brief holiday; and as the one essential to the soldier on leave is feminine society, Tony hits upon the ingenious notion of advertising for the goods. It was written long ago that the man who advertises is the man who gets the trade. Tony's advertisement runs to the effect that if the lovely young lady who lost something of value in Piccadilly last week will call at the flat she will hear of something to her advantage, or words to that effect. It is Tony's anticipation that quite a number of ladies will turn up and claim that they have lost bracelets and diamond rings, to say nothing of jewelled garters, in the historic region in question, and, therefore, a liberal outfit of Brummagem jewellery has been ordered so that each lady's claim, just or otherwise, may be met in the true sporting spirit; and as there will be refreshment provided, it may be said confidently, without fear of contradiction, that that's that.

IT so happens that a burglar, masquerading as an officer, has committed the unspeakable awfulness of robbing a famous actress of her jewel casket. Most actresses would, I understand, welcome such a minor catastrophe, as they would be able to get a ten-guinea advertisement out of a loss that is usually assessed at about fifteen shillings in most cases, I

believe. But this is the real stuff; and the burglar brings it to the Jermyn Street flat, so that his accomplice, who happens to be the housemaid there, may hide it for him. With a carelessness that must be quite unusual in accomplices, the maid leaves the jewel case on a side table; and when Tony comes into the room he naturally takes the precious gems for the cheap stuff he has ordered from Birmingham. After all, a man may be a good soldier without necessarily being at the same time an expert in precious stones; and when, as was expected, a number of fair ladies call to say that they have lost all sorts of things, the rich and rare jewellery is shared out between them as if it were so much tinsel.

THEN we have Mr. Tinkerton, the famous detective, disguised as an A.P.M. He arrives at the flat ostensibly to reprimand the giddy officers for harbouring so much attractive beauty on the premises; but his real object is to trace the stolen jewels. Shortly after his arrival the Birmingham dealer turns up with the inferior imitations. Tony explains that he has already got the supply ordered, and hands the dealer a lovely brooch in support of his contention. But the dealer is forced at once to acknowledge that the brooch in question is a real thing of the priceless kind, and the detective regards this as very positive proof that Tony is the swell cracksman who is being chased by the minions of the law. However, the three officers have, of course, an easy and obvious way of escape. They simply dress themselves up as old ladies and declare they are the maiden aunts of the accused and the famous detective allows them at once to depart. He would, naturally.

THE incriminating jewel case is disposed of quite nicely. By the long arm of coincidence it happens that Tony's aunt has left her jewel case behind at Euston. Tony, therefore, despatches a trusty messenger to Euston with the actress's jewel case, for which he has no further use, and instructs him to lose it at the railway terminus. Consequently, when the aunt gets there, and calls for a jewel case, it is assumed that she is claiming what is not hers, and she is arrested accordingly. I don't know that this part of the story is particularly consequential, but the chief thing about it is that it gets rid of the aunt for a little while; and as she is a severely correct person, it is clear, anyway, that there is not much room for her in a play like this. Of course, she is at last found innocent—she has the kind of face that couldn't be otherwise—so there's no harm done.

THE scene then changes to Mr. Hardbottle's houseboat on the river. When I say "on the river," I am quoting literally from the programme, as I cannot, unaided, think of any other place where a houseboat would be likely to be located. For the moment the chief interest centres in Peggy Kurton as Kitty, a Land Girl. She wears the distinguishing garment as if to the manner born, and looks extremely graceful in it. I wonder, sometimes, whether our Land Girls will ever go back to petticoats now that they have learned how well the male habiliment becomes them; though, of course, it is no business of mine, and I have an idea that the girls will do just as they jolly well please about it. I may be mistaken, but that is my impression. Tony meets Kitty; and as to see her is to love her, the spooning commences right away. Also the difficulties begin. There are one or two other girls—not to mention the extensive company at the flat—who regard Tony

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (concluded)

as their property; and these little incumbrances have to be explained away. But the explanation causes no difficulty to Tony, who proves himself to be one of the readiest and most expert liars that have ever been seen on the stage.

THERE was, for instance, that rather cheeky advertisement in the paper. The evidence that Tony is the author of it is apparently overwhelming. But Tony has an obliging butler, who, for the trifling consideration of a "ten-pun-note," cheerfully, if mendaciously, declares that he himself put the advertisement in the paper. He was driven to it on account of the shortage of coal. It is not for me to attempt to unravel the meaning of this cryptic explanation; it must suffice that it was accepted as entirely satisfactory by the overwhelming majority of the audience, which cackled its approval uproariously. This act, the second, is divertingly eked out by a cheery duet between Mr. Lynn and Miss Kurton; while Miss Odette Myrtil, as the actress whose jewels have been stolen, forgets her trouble long enough to be able to furnish some of the daintiest singing of the evening.

THE last act is a little bold. I do not claim that the first two acts are remarkable for an excess of prunes and prisms; but to wind up with we have the scene of a lady and gentleman both occupying the same bedroom without any official warrant for the proceeding. The interesting situation arose, of course, quite by accident. Mr. Hardbottle, the owner of the houseboat, offered Tony the use of the room for the night; and, unaware that the apartment had already been disposed of, Mrs. Hardbottle invited her friend, Ivy, a "lonely-soldier-girl," to occupy it for the same period. Naturally there are complications, even though a screen is arranged between the two beds to keep out the draughts. Mr. Lynn might, I think, have got just as much fun out of the situation if he had denied himself the opportunity of mixing up the respective night garments. It is true that the lady looks charming in her silk pyjamas; but Mr. Lynn in an old-fashioned nightdress, tied here and there with ribbons, was not so successful. I think he would have had a greater chance for more legitimate fun if he had played the scene in his own clothes. However, the point to be noted is that this naturally creates another tiresome situation that has to be explained away; and the explanation is as diverting as it is ingenious. Mr. Lynn is quite the moving spirit of the entertainment. His humour seems inexhaustible and his resources of by-play unlimited; and the girls are quite nice.

JINGLE

Photograph *Bassano*

ALFRED LESTER IN "SHANGHAI"

As Hu Du giving his diverting "musical monologue," which is only one incident in a gloriously humorous performance

A Happy Reunion

Photograph *Bassano*

GENERAL TOWNSHEND AND HIS DAUGHTER AUDREY

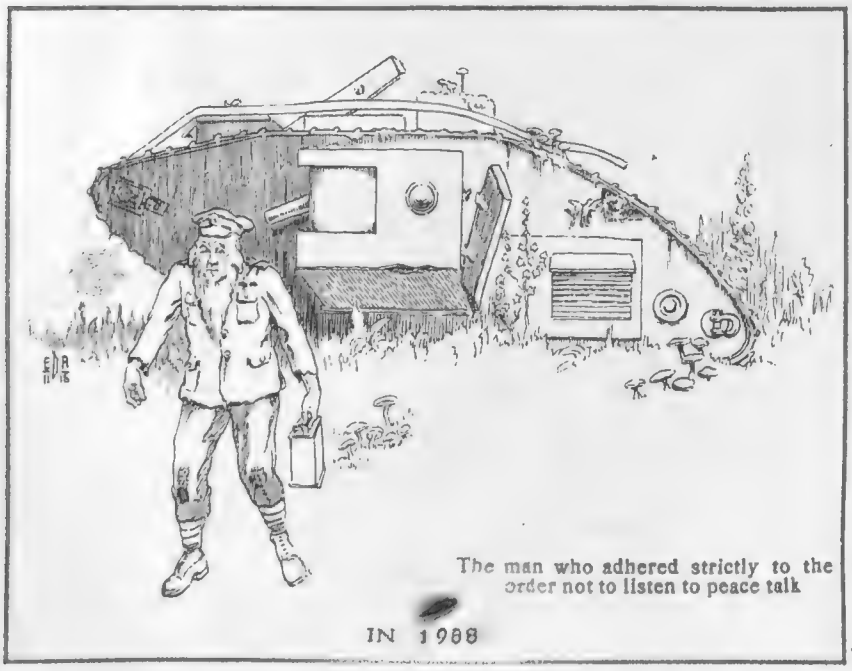
The hero of Kut has returned to the bosom of his family after an absence of four years.

A Friendly Lead

By THE OLD GUARD

THE glad news of the coming of peace to a sadly chastened world touched us in many different ways. There were those who dutifully turned forthwith to prayer and praise, and there were those who sought hastily to soothe their overmastering emotion at the nearest pothouse. For ourself, we shook the dust of town promptly from us and turned to the open road that leads to the pleasant countryside, where we rightly belong. For the Street of Adventure carries but the atmosphere of our baser life, wherein we crawl beneath the huge legs of Fate and peep about for paltry tokens. We, as one endowed with a living soul, have nothing in common with the dismal autocrats of that sordid thoroughfare. We have known these editors too long for the poor creatures that they are, mournfully inefficient as fighters and tragically ill-furnished with half-crowns to satisfy the pressing needs of worthier men than they.

IT is with us as with all great minds in times of storm and stress—we crave for solitude; and when the milestones that we passed told us in moss-grown words that we were a clear twenty miles from the heart of modern Babylon, we thanked Heaven for the crowning mercy. We looked across the dead bracken and the faded heather for a mile or more, and there was no sign or sound of life beyond ourself. Many a time have we stood in that lonely spot during the last four years when the bracken was new and green, and the heather a dazzling purple, and it has seemed to us, even in the sunshine of a summer noon, that all was dull and grey. But on this day of peace our eyes were opened anew. There was life in everything. The very hips and haws that hung from the branches above us seemed redder than they had ever been; while here and there the gorse itself, in defiance of the season, had blossomed out a saucy oriflamme in honour of that splendid day. And the birches that dotted the moor around us had kept their fluttering leaves green and bright for this wondrous hour, and looked, as the sun caught the rich silver of their bodies, like gallant knights in shining armour, while their crests, bowed by the idle breeze, seemed to be bending in their thanks to the God of Battles who had brought us all out of the shadow into the sunshine of victory. Once again, after four years of disquiet, we could look out upon the house not made with hands and see that it was good.



The man who adhered strictly to the order not to listen to peace talk

IN 1988

WITH the waning of the sun we journeyed back to the metropolis to watch the antics of our less-favoured fellows in the paroxysms of peace. 'Twas spoken of us English, long since, that we are a people that takes its pleasures sadly, and in good sooth, having seen how happiness came to London, we are not minded to quarrel with the epigram. Mostly we were impressed with the crying need of the masses for leadership in the hour of national rejoicing. Here was a people, children and progenitors of the ruling race of the earth, whose full hearts were bursting with the pent-up emotions of years; and there were their Puritanical pastors and masters looking grimly on with no word to say but that if the people will not go to church, which has no room to house a tithe of their number, they may go their own way to the nether places. We are not mealy-mouthed; yet to-day we will content ourself with the comment that, so far as our own observation went, many around us were taking the fullest advantage of the broad latitude thus negatively accorded.

THERE was a time in this brave old England of ours when laughter was not unholy and when song and dance were not anathema. The Lord of Misrule held gentle sway, and those who were moved to sport and horseplay were taken by a friendly hand and shown the best and happiest way to kick over the traces and run reckless riot. We, speaking here for the greater and saner minds of England, plead with them that govern us that the Lord of Misrule be born again to-day under modern conditions. If there be such as, in a sudden access of joyous emotion, must needs dance, let there be an instruction to the musicians and let the bands play. And thus should it be for them that will fight, or them that will call for their wine. And so on. Let sudden outbreaks of joyous disorder be governed in an orderly way. Let the human heart be human under the guidance of a human hand. Give us back the Lord of Misrule.

Before the Disarmistice

PASSED BY CENSOR

TALKING GAS

TOMMY *(who has been hearing some of Sammy's tall tales)* : "Yes, just afore the armistice was signed, we were using some strong gas over there. 'Struth! it not only killed Jerry, but went right into his pay book and killed his next o' kin"

(N.B.—All Army pay books have the owner's next of kin entered)

Books of the Week

Plays

SOME people don't like reading plays, but to those who do I recommend Haddon Chambers's *The Saving Grace* (Heinemann: 2*s.* 6*d.* net). I have seldom seen a character emerge from a modern printed play so clearly as poor Blinn Corbet does in this little comedy of the beginning of the war. Talking of plays, too, reminds me that Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton are publishing the Barrie Plays, and as their author has his own playful method of setting forth the "stage directions," the little volumes are well worth obtaining.

❋ ❋

The Book Monthly

I SEE that *The Book Monthly* (*Graphic* Offices: 1*s.* net) has been taken over by new publishers, although Mr. James Milne retains his editorship. The current number is particularly good and should be in the hands of all book lovers. The war has tended to thrust such publications into the background—even to the extent of allowing them to appear only quarterly—but this state of things should speedily be remedied, and *The Book Monthly* will then take its rightful position. Once the war is properly over, too, I hope that Mr. Holbrook Jackson's successful little paper, *To-Day*, will become even more widely known than it is. When a man like Holbrook Jackson gets going and is able to produce the sort of paper which he himself really wants, as is the case with *To-Day*, you may look for something really good.

❋ ❋

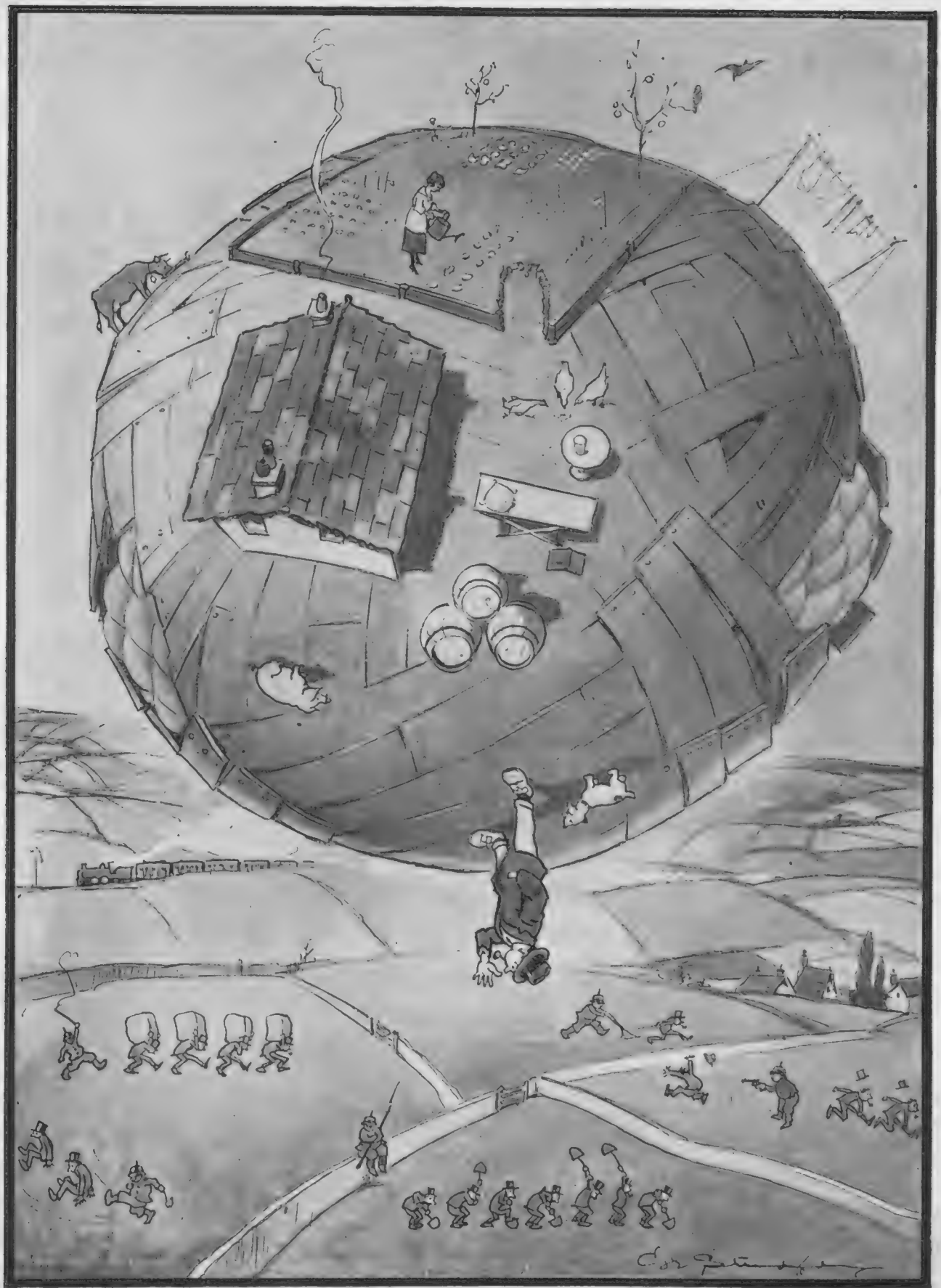
Irish Peasantry

MR. PATRICK MACGILL'S new book, *Glenmornan* (H. Jenkins: 6*s.* net) is a plain, moving document such as will not easily allow itself to be forgotten. It has little enough humour, little enough personal feeling—except when the parish priest is shown in all his sordid materialism—little enough story; and yet, set out in its pages, you have the Irish peasantry decked in its real dress. Nothing of the "typical Irishman," nothing of the exaggeration which many Irishmen do not disdain to use—just a simple interpretation of an Irish glen and its chief inhabitants. What story there is centres about young Dealty Gallagher's return from a journalistic life in London to his native barony. He means to stay there, for the call of that good Irish soil is strong; but if you leave Glenmornan you learn many things which your parish priest, at any rate, does not wish you to know; and Dealty is not allowed to stay. The Irish peasant has his hard-and-fast conventions, and assuredly these have never been put down so clearly and sympathetically as in *Glenmornan*. Oiney is a wonderful character, but so, too, are Maura, the Rosses, and Dennis the drover. You can imagine with what pleasure MacGill wrote this sketch of his "own people." It is on a par with his best work. R. S.

And Three for Them!

After suffering hardship as prisoners in Germany, some of our boys returned to Hull still unbroken in spirit, and our picture shows them giving "three cheers for Blighty," as their ship drew up at the wharf

Unnecessary Now



HAD THE GERMANS WON THE WAR—

—the world, being no longer fit to live in, one would have had to consider seriously the possibilities of the home-made satellite

[Other phases of the "frightfulness" of the Hunnifying process upon the home, the children, the dance, the theatre, and all British life everywhere are dealt with in THE BYSTANDER ANNUAL, *now on sale.]*

The Brand that made the Reputation

LA CORONA
HAVANA CIGARS

HALF-A-CORONA SIZE

LA CORONA *Half-a-Corona* is the Half-a-Corona size of the famous LA CORONA Brand of Cigars. It was evolved to satisfy the smaller cigar requirements of LA CORONA *Corona* smokers. LA CORONA *Half-a-Corona* is produced with all the super-excellence that distinguishes the LA CORONA *Corona* Factory. It is a small cigar of exceptional Havana quality, and is unequalled for all occasions demanding a short smoke.

This is the exact size of a CORONA *Half-a-Corona* Cigar—the small cigar of the epicurean smoker.

Other sizes of LA CORONA Cigars are LA CORONA *Corona*, LA CORONA *Bouquet*, LA CORONA *Petit Duc Extra*.

LOOK FOR THIS BRAND ON THE BOX.

This is the Registered Brand under which the world-famed LA CORONA factory boxes its choice LA CORONA Cigars in various sizes to meet the many daily requirements of the epicure in smoker. Be on your guard against the host of imitations. Whatever the size or shape of LA CORONA Cigars you seek, look for this registered brand or trade-mark on the top of every box lid.

CAUTION against "PASSING OFF."

The Havana Cigar and Tobacco Factories, Ltd. (Successors to Alvarez Lopez & Co.), will take immediate proceedings against all persons selling, in response to orders for LA CORONA Cigars or CORONA Cigars, or LA CORONA *Corona* Cigars, or CORONA-*Corona* Cigars, any cigars that are not genuine LA CORONA Brand Cigars of the Company's manufacture. Please communicate to me any attempt to pass off other cigars as LA CORONA or CORONA or CORONA-*Corona* cigars.

M. P. TROY,
Dashwood House, 9, New Broad Street, London, E.C. 2.

If you have any difficulty in procuring LA CORONA Cigars, and will write me, I will do my best to put you in touch with dealers carrying stock.

British Selling Agent for the following Brands:

LA CORONA
BOCK, HENRY CLAY, CABAÑAS,
FLOR DE CUBA, J. S. MURIAS,
LA ROSA DE SANTIAGO,
MANUEL GARCIA ALONSO,
VILLAR Y VILLAR,
CAROLINA, and PEDRO MURIAS.

NOTICE TO THE TRADE.

Owing to shipping difficulties Cigar Stocks are low. If you have a good stock of LA CORONA Cigars and will advise me, I shall be pleased to refer to you customers who have difficulty in finding them.

For the After-Work of War

"When the hurly-burly's done
When the battle's lost—and won!"—

the soldier's job is still far from finished. So for many a month, probably, British Officers will be putting in the soldier's twenty-four-hour day in the teeth of the weather's worst. The officer who 'carries on' Thresher-clad has this advantage—he works in physical comfort, however vile the conditions, and he safeguards his health against a fiercer foe than beaten 'Jerry'—a foe whose account of human lives in this war will rank close behind the toll of bullet and bayonet.

Officers in tens of thousands have found it so with their Threshers and their recommendations are still keeping our post-order department busy.

The Thresher Trench Coat with detachable Kamelcott lining	£7 7
With detachable Lambskin lining. Very warm, but light in weight	£10 10
Trench Coat unlined	£5 5
Cavalry pattern, with knee flaps and saddle gusset. Extra	£1 1
Naval Trench Coat. Blue drill with check lining	£6 6
R.A.F. Blue Trench Coat with check lining to match	£6 6

All sizes in stock. Send size of chest and approximate height, and to avoid delay enclose cheque when ordering.

THRESHER & GLENNY,
Military Tailors and Outfitters
(By appointment to H.M. the King),
152 & 153, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2.

CRITICISM FROM B.E.F.:—
"Send your artist out here—where's the steel helmet, the box respirator and all the rest of it?" Good judge the critic—but to garble Shakespeare, "the coat's the thing," and in selling "Threshers" tin hats and gas masks hardly matter.

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"
Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *November 25, 1918*

DEAR COUSIN—

MUST have known, I think, the weakness of human nature, the philosopher who warned us that it is more difficult to support with dignity triumph than defeat. For whatever else there was, there was certainly no dignity about the way, in the streets of the great cities, England took her peace!

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THE orgy, no doubt, would have been less insupportable had it not gone on so interminably long, for here in London, anyway, it took the lighter spirits no less than the whole of the week to scream themselves hoarse and walk themselves footsore and lull their ardour for "celebrating."

卐 卐

PERMISSIBLE, I suppose, for the City masses in the streets, for the streets are, after all, their only playground, and more sheep-like than the sheep are the *hoi polloi en bloc.* But all the same one would have thought there would have been a faint glimmer even in the dull understanding of these of what, for example, those captured Hun guns mean that they trundled around and burnt and broke. As they stood side by side along the length of the Mall, a symbol of victory, yes.

卐 卐

BUT a sign, too, of how many brave men's lives have gone to the getting of them. Of what unselfish heroism, of what a white-hot valour, such as we stay-at-homes cannot even imagine—or even, it seems, appreciate. And I guess the less said the better about the feelings of those regiments in France whose trophies, so bitter hardly won, have been destroyed and damaged to make a maffickers' holiday.

卐 卐

BUT it was what, I suppose, you'd call the "better-class" joymakers that struck the most jarring note. Heavens! After such a war, such a peril, such suffering, such sorrows, such a price—to celebrate deliverance as, for instance, some of our lighter ladies did at a certain smart restaurant, by chucking champagne bottles through all the plate glass

"The Hun will be unmolested in our midst"

"Already we go short to feed the Hun"

within sight! Or sitting and standing on the tables, which frequently gave way and soon provided, so I am told, as utterly complete a spectacle of *débris* and disorder as even a Hun General might wish to see.

卐 卐

APROPOS of khaki's part in the war, it seems to have been not so much with jubilation as with feelings of mixed disappointment, depression, and amazement that the war-worn victorious troops at the front received the armistice tidings.

卐 卐

SAYS one soldier-man: "You're in the midst of things, Blanche? Can't *you* tell us? Where's the pull?" What about our fighters of the air? . . . Fearful, I understand, were *their* poor dear feelings (and language), when, after all, they weren't "let" bomb Berlin.

卐 卐

OFFICERS home wounded are equally mystified. "I don't wonder those of you who have suffered grievous losses in this cruel war," writes one, "have rather mixed feelings about this peace. How can you tolerate the idea until every Hun—military Hun, anyway—is made to suffer,

and to suffer badly, too? There are plenty, Blanche, who have suffered nothing yet."

卐 卐

AND a woman—a very gentle one—writing to me of one very dearly beloved, and oh! so gently gallant, too, says: "Dear brave fellow, there are some who appreciate his sacrifice! I wanted to write sympathy, but this is 'Peace' week, and I am stamping with rage and disappointment that we have not absolutely and entirely flattened out this loathsome, whining Hun—it would be some solace to the bereaved. I don't like being revengeful, but I feel spiteful when I think of our dear men's sacrifices and sufferings, and all the untold sorrow—and then this premature jubilation."

卐 卐

HOWEVER . . . . Some think we've fairly got the loathly Hun all right. Especially I notice, the legal element—suppose they understand better than the mere ordinary man and woman the points of President Wilson! And Heaven send we have; for the war's been hard enough to bear and to win without the added burden of a thought that's almost dreadfuller than all—has it been in vain?

"How shall we feed and lodge the returning armies?"

卐 卐

MEANTIME, if there is one thing more certain than another it is, I suppose, that sooner or later—and very probably sooner—the Hun will be once more unmolested in our midst. Already we go short to feed him for the newest of the frays—the commercial one, for which all agree he is armed *cap-à-pie*, if he *has* lost the war.

卐 卐

WELL, well. . . . Let the peacemakers only see to it that the spoils *are* to the victors—that's all. Or else—well, I really *do* believe, you know, that even here, even in lawyer-ridden, law-abiding, taxed-beyond-bearing England, there really will be *trouble*. I note already that the "popular" candidate standing for next month's Peace Election is he who would hang the Kaiser, extract indemnities from the Hun, and seize every single German ship.

卐 卐

FORTUNATE, though, isn't it, that we've got the vote, *just* in time? Women do not forget—nor will they forgive those who, for sheer lust of power, have cruelly wiped out our best, our youth, and brought the bitter tears of waste and loss to innumerable sad eyes. Serious! But the getting of the woman's vote will have its comedy, too.

"The getting of the woman's vote"

卐 卐

IT is a question of the moment, by the way, how on earth, here in this already over-crowded London, we shall feed and lodge the returning armies as, in their hundreds of thousands, they all come marching home. Why not turn into temporary free hotels all the temporary Government buildings that mar the face of our poor, battered old capital? Men used to the discomforts of campaigning in desolated, gas-soaked France and Flanders will see no hardship in a temporary bed in St. James's Park, and a soldier, like a sailor, can keep smart and clean with only the minimum of toilet accessories.

卐 卐

VERY few, you know, will ever be quite the same again—as they were before war took them. In one of the new books, *The Love of an Unknown Soldier*, I have just been reading: "Never again will any of us be young men. Will women make allowances for what has happened to us—happened to us for them?"

卐 卐

"DO they care? I should like to think that there are women in the world who will be very compassionate to us when war is ended. The French women are like that already. In their hospitals they call a wounded man '*mon petit*,' and take him in their arms and hold his head against their breasts. . . . . Ah! how these French shame us with their superior humanity! I wish we Anglo-Saxons shared some of the vices that produce their virtues."

卐 卐

ALL the same, ours is the *only* nursing service, isn't it? That's why all who are not too sad *must* go to the Victory Ball at the Albert Hall next Wednesday. All the money goes to the Nation's Fund for Nurses. And if they haven't helped to win the war, who has?

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

We Wonder—

Only a few of the things which are arousing our curiosity at the moment

Bismarck Day

By CAPTAIN V. E. S. MATTOCKS

"ORDERLY!"

"Yes, sir."

"Ask Mr. McFarland to report to me as quickly as he can, please."

"Yes, sir"; and away trudged the Company Commander's orderly from the palatial forty-feet-deep dug-out, lately wrested from the Hun, through communication trenches towards the front line, where Second Lieut. Patrick McFarland, Royal Tyrone Regiment, held sway.

"What's up now, Mick?" and the orderly suddenly found himself tripped up by the sudden appearance of an old German rifle between his feet, pushed there by one of the stretcher-bearers (both the "funny" and the "inquisitive" man of the company) who had been lying in wait at the top of the steps of his dug-out for such an opportunity.

"Are ye tryin' to raise a dent in the earth?"

"Mick's listening for tunnellers," came another voice from the deep, followed by a hearty laugh from those who had watched the orderly's discomfiture.

"Come in out of the rain" (it was a fine day) "and have a drop of tea and tell us all about it," was the stretcher-bearer's next remark.

"No thanks. Keep your tea and your fat-headed tricks to yourself!" was the reply; for Mick's temper, like that of all those hailing from the Emerald Isle, was easily stirred.

"Well, come in and take some of the trench off yourself, Mick. You know Pat McFarland will stop your rum ration for having dirty hands"—an allusion to the state of the heated one's hands, which were now somewhat grubby as a result of his sudden embrace of the bottom of the trench, and the Platoon Commander's disciplinary action when any of his command were "dirty on parade."

"I won't keep company with your ugly face at all," courteously replied Mick.

"Well, tell us where you are going, Mick," said the inquisitive one.

"On ten days' leave," and Mick grinned as he departed, feeling slightly recompensed for his fall by leaving the inquisitor none the wiser for all his questioning.

"I knew it, boys!" was that worthy's remark to all in the dug-out. "Dirty work to-night."

"Why, what are the orders?" asked one of the others, gently lowering the eyelid furthest away in a very suggestive manner, for the propensity of stretcher-bearer No. 1 to anticipate all events, and even to issue all necessary and unnecessary orders in advance, was well known to everyone.

"We attack to-morrow, of course, and the Captain has sent Mick to tell Pat McFarland to take out a patrol to-night to see if the Boche sleeps well, and then to take Bangalore torpedoes to wake him and the wire up before we start. Is the leg of the stretcher mended, Spud?"

But Spud, apparently, was fast asleep.

More cautiously the messenger made his way forward; not that he feared any more tricks, but for the reason that he was close now to his own and the enemy's advanced lines. Snipers' eyes and rifles were carefully trained on little shell-opened rents in the trenches, or thinned-out parts, awaiting only the passing of the unwary to release the swift-moving death-missile, and perhaps admit of the cutting of a further notch on the rifle butt. Mick was a splendid type of a soldier—very tall; and many close and sharp reminders he had received that his form had not been sufficiently bent on such occasions. One such reminder showed on his helmet—where the bullet had made a small entrance hole in the side, and a larger one at the top on the other side. A new helmet had been offered him in exchange for the old one, but this he indignantly refused to have, for Mick was superstitious and considered his helmet was his mascot.

Passing from the communication trench to the main fire trench, with its deceptive air of weary boredom, the orderly soon reached the Platoon Commander's dug-out.

"The Captain would like to see you as soon as possible, sir"; Mick delivered his message, saluting as best he could in the low entrance.

"Right, Mick. I'll come along at once." And giving his fellow subaltern a kick as a gentle reminder to "take over" during his absence, Lieut. McFarland made his way towards company headquarters. He passed the "stretchers'" quarters hurriedly, to the intense satisfaction of the inquisitive one, who exclaimed with pride of knowledge: "There, I knew it, boys! Just as I said!"

A few minutes more, and "Pat," as he was nicknamed by everyone in the company, stood at the bottom of the steps of the company dug-out.

"Is that you, McFarland? Come right in. I have a little job for you to-night," and the Company Commander motioned the new-comer to a seat at the table, now spread with a miscellaneous array of maps held in place by German shell-tops as paper weights.

"Look at this first. Orders for patrol to-night—special one. You know to-morrow is Bismarck day—you know," seeing the look of inquiry in the listener's eyes, "the Prussian Johnny who dreamt that his country could beat the world, but who didn't remember that lions and lions' cubs lived in it. Well, we are ordered to send out a patrol to ascertain if any preparations are being made for an attack by the gentle angels across the way, so I want you to do the needful. Make certain about the wire and whether anything in the shape of trestle bridges for the little stream are showing. Choose your own time and company, but I would like you to make two doses of it—the last just before dawn."

"Very good, sir," replied the subaltern. "I will take Mick out with me, if I may. I only want one."

"Yes, take him by all means—he is in your platoon as a matter of fact."

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(Continued on page 390)

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"BISMARCK DAY" (*concluded*)

So it was settled, and the orderly's face shone when he heard the news. "Bedad, sorr," breaking into a rich brogue in his excitement, "but that's foine news, indade, sorr. Shall we have a chance to smash some ould Boche's head before we come back, sorr?"

"I don't know, Mick; perhaps our own may be instead."

"Not a bit av it, sorr," and spying a nice smooth stone, Mick picked it up and began sharpening his bayonet in gleeful anticipation.

Night came on very rapidly, for the clouds had been much in evidence, making the darkness deeper. Quietly the word was passed down the line: "Patrol going out—Mr. McFarland"; thus warning all how to fire with machine-guns, rifles, and Verey lights.

Creeping slowly through the long grass to the little stream running parallel to the trench, some three hundred yards away, was an easy matter to "snake crawlers," such as they were. Moving only when the lights were down—when the slight wind made undulating wavelets cover the skilful parting of the grass, the pair reached the stream.

There a harder task awaited them—the crossing itself and the almost bare ground on the far side, for all was old cultivated land.

Two hundred yards to the enemy's entanglements!

Nearer to the wire—their objective—passing an old redoubt, still with rifles pointing through loopholes as though those who had fired them—and died—were still there.

Slowly, foot by foot, the distance was covered, and the wire, with its assorted array of tin cans—some hanging loosely to give alarm if touched accidentally—very carefully scrutinised; the passages already made for their own patrols carefully noted.

Then the return. Slipping quietly into a shell-hole, still partly filled with water, they took a "breather."

"Bedad, sir," grumbled Mick in a whisper, "not a Boche to be seen. The spalpeens must have all gone to bed, so they must!" "Some of them are very much awake, don't you fear," was the reply. "I thought we were in for it when those cans rattled." "The Boche thought it was the wind, I'll be bound," said Mick. Soon, very cautiously, they were moving again; every minute represented not by time but by a few yards further from the enemy, a few yards nearer their own watchful, alert sentries.

The tension gradually decreased as the moments fled by, and they neared the centre of "No Man's Land"; and McFarland was meditating whether to make a bee-line as soon as the stream was crossed, when a gasp and a quickly-choked exclamation from Mick almost brought him to his feet, finger on trigger, trying to pierce the darkness in all directions at once.

"There—there—a whole regiment—lying out—look at 'em, sorr!" and a tight hand had to be put on Mick's collar to prevent his excitement causing their discovery and destruction.

Surely not! Yes, they were—ordered rows of them—lying in the field to the right—their heads faintly distinguishable—very quiet and sinister looking.

"Look, sorr," again from Mick, "there's a patrol—two of 'em—let's finish them, sorr! I'll manage both the blackguards, so I will"; and he looked appealingly to his officer for the necessary orders.

Not one o'clock yet—they must surely intend to attack before dawn—over two hours hence.

Mick surely was right. There—some distance from the main body—were two blurred objects, the heads of two men acting as a flank patrol.

Was it possible to destroy them without alarming the others, or, better still, take one alive? What a prize if they could!

The orders for the coming attack could be obtained from him, and those barbarous murderers get the just surprise they so richly deserved. All these thoughts flashed through the young subaltern's brain—far quicker than it takes to write them.

"Look here, Mick," said McFarland hoarsely, trembling as with the ague, "your bayonet; use it on the one on the right and I'll knock the other silly with my revolver. Mind, no noise. Wait until we get to within six yards of the olighters."

More noiseless than ever, the two wormed their way, grimly intent on doing their work thoroughly; with no sign of movement or detection from those silent figures.

Their heads showed plainer now—fifteen yards—ten yards—eight yards. Mick hunched himself up—grasped his rifle and bayonet firmly; and both launched themselves at the heads of the patrol, still unconscious of the doom awaiting them.

A slight scuffle and they pounced down—bayonet lunged fiercely through one, revolver butt smashed on the other—a sickening squelching sound—horrible to hear—awful to have to do———

"Well, I'm damned!" a disgusted, subdued curse from Mick. "Rotten, filthy mangel-wurzels! Damn them! And I'm spattered all over, ugh!"

Mangel-wurzels so they were; and McFarland's face, could it have been seen clearly, would have been a picture to behold. If these were simply over-ripe, swollen mangel-wurzels, what of the others?

A few yards of crawling to make sure—yes, they were, a whole field of them!

"Damn!" was all he said; and an officer's patrol returned to their lines not pleased with themselves, and more than a trifle crestfallen.

"Nothing to report, sir." A quiet, subdued subaltern saluted his Company Commander.

"Nothing? Well, that's something, anyway," said the captain cheerily. "Have a whisky and soda with me? It turned up after all. Mix your own, Mac."

McFarland filled the glass to his liking, lifted it up—

"Damn!"

"What's that, McFarland?"

"Nothing, sir, I just remembered the date."

"Oh! I thought a cockroach or something had got into your glass. Why, what is the date? Oh, yes, the 1st of April. Well, cheerio," and the O.C. Company emptied his glass.

Both Lieut. McFarland and Mick found it took quite a considerable time before they could look each other straight in the eyes.

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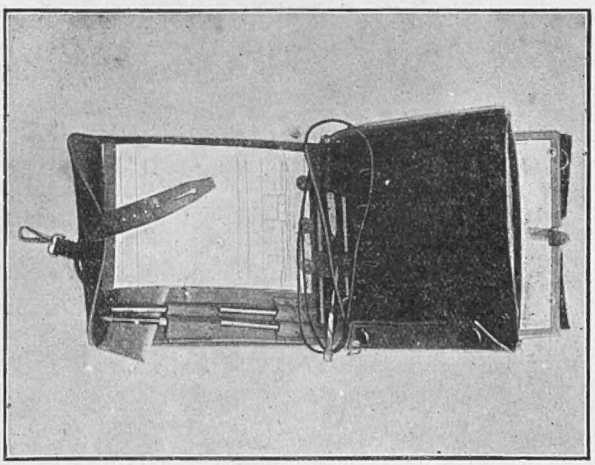

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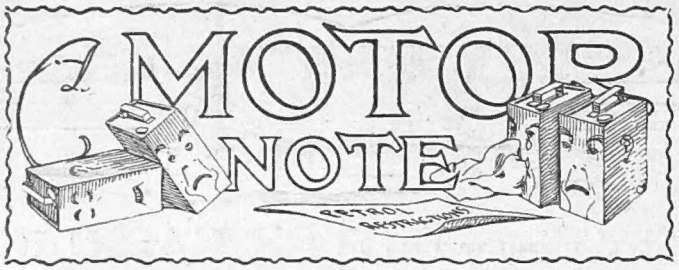
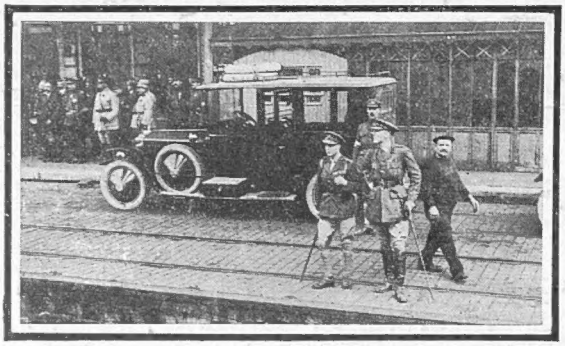


A RECENT report of a nine hours non-stop flight by a sea-plane over a distance of 600 miles, carrying a crew of four (speed not stated), makes me wonder what is going to be the attitude of Governments generally in regard to private ownership of aircraft. Is the civilian airman to be allowed to take what journeys he pleases, land where he likes, and carry such goods as he fancies in his 'plane? Or will such privately-owned sky-motors be restricted to landing in State aerodromes, to be passed through the Customs to prevent smuggling, and to show their "tickets" of authorisation—permits of travel—or what not? To my mind it opens a vista so wide and full of trouble to would-be aeroplane users that, instead of being a popular means of transport, and so helping this new industry to make a living in ordinary quiet times, when peace is duly signed and ratified, most motorists will have nothing to do with it. For the habit of controlling things is the present peculiarity of the powers that be, so it is safe to prophesy that air-travel will not escape control. In this country the progress of the land motor in its early days was badly hindered by Acts of Parliament. Please to goodness, Mr. David L—— G——, don't let this happen to aviation.



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